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Power From on High: What is it?

(By Pres. C. G. Finney.)

The apostles and brethren, on the Day of Pentecost, received it. What did they receive? What power did they exercise after that event?

They received a powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost, a vast increase of divine illumination. This baptism imparted a great diversity of gifts, that were used for the accomplishment of their work. It manifestly included the following things: The power of a holy life. The power of a self-sacrificing life. (The manifestation of these must have had great influence with those to whom they proclaimed the gospel.) The power of a cross-bearing life. The power of great meekness, which this baptism enabled them everywhere to exhibit. The power of a loving enthusiasm in proclaiming the gospel. The power of teaching. The power of a living faith. The gift of tongues. An increase of power to work miracles. The gift of inspiration, or the revelation of many truths before unrecognized by them. The power of moral courage, to proclaim the gospel and do the bidding of Christ, whatever it cost them.

In their circumstances, all these endowments were essential to their success; but neither separately nor all together did they constitute a power from on high which Christ promised, and which they manifestly received. That which they manifestly received as the supreme, crowning, and all-important means of success was the power to prevail with both God and man, the power to fasten saving impressions upon the minds of men. This last was doubtless the thing which they understood Christ to promise. He had commissioned the Church to convert the world to Him. All that I have named above were only means, which could never secure the end unless they were vitalized and made effectual by the power of God. The apostles, doubtless, understood this; and, laying themselves and their all upon the altar, they besieged a Throne of Grace in the spirit of entire consecration to their work.

They did, in fact, receive the gifts before mentioned; but supremely and principally, this power to savingly impress men. It was manifested right upon the spot. They began to address the multitude; and, wonderful to tell, three thousand were converted the same hour. But, observe, here was no new power manifested by them upon this occasion, save the gift of tongues. They wrought no miracle at that time, and used these tongues simply as the means of making themselves understood. Let it be noted that they had not had time to exhibit any other gifts of the Spirit which have been above named. They had not at that time the advantage of exhibiting a holy life, or any of the powerful graces and gifts of the Spirit. What was said on the occasion, as recorded in the gospel, could not have made the impression that it did, had it not been uttered by them with a new power to make a saving impression upon the people. This power was not the power of inspiration, for they only declared certain facts of their own knowledge. It was not the power of human learning and culture, for they had but little. It was not the power of human eloquence, for there appears to have been but little of it. It was God speaking in and through them. It was a power from on high—God in them making a saving impression upon those to whom they spoke. This power to savingly impress abode with and upon them. It was, doubtless, the great and main thing promised by Christ, and received by the apostles and primitive Christians. It has existed, to a greater or less extent, in the Church ever since. It is a mysterious fact often manifested in a most surprising manner. Sometimes a single sentence, a word, a gesture, or even a look, will convey this power in an overcoming manner.

THE HANSOM OF JAPAN.

To the honor of God alone I will say a little of my own experience in this matter. I was powerfully converted on the morning of the 10th of October. In the evening of the same day, and on the morning of the following day, I received overwhelming baptisms of the Holy Ghost, that went through me, as it seemed to me, body and soul. I immediately found myself endued with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals were the means of their immediate conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. Multitudes can attest to this. Oftentimes a word dropped, without my remembering it, would fasten conviction, and often result in almost immediate conversion. Sometimes I would find myself, in a great measure, empty of this power. I would go out and visit, and find that I made no saving impression. I would exhort and pray, with the same result. I would then set apart a day for private fasting and prayer, fearing that this power had departed from me, and would inquire anxiously after the reason of this apparent emptiness. After humbling myself, and crying out for help, the power would return upon me with all its freshness. This has been the experience of my life.

I could fill a volume with the history of my own experience and observation with respect to this power from on high. It is a fact of consciousness and of observation, but a great mystery. I have said that sometimes a look has in it the power of God. I have often witnessed this. Let the following fact illustrate it. I once preached, for the first time, in a manufacturing village. The next morning I went into a manufacturing establishment, to view its operations. As I passed into the weaving department, I beheld a great company of young women, some of whom, I observed, were looking at me, and then at each other, in a manner that indicated a trifling spirit, and that they knew me. I, however, knew none of them. As I approached nearer to those who had recognized me, they seemed to increase in their manifestations of lightness of mind. Their levity made a peculiar impression upon me; I felt it to my very heart. I stopped short and looked at them; I know not how, as my whole mind was absorbed with the sense of their guilt and danger. As I settled my countenance upon them, I observed that one of them became very much agitated. A thread broke. She attempted to mend it; but her hands trembled in such a manner that she could not do it. I immediately observed that the sensation was spreading, and had become universal among that class of triflers. I looked steadily at them, until one after another gave up, and paid no more attention to their looms. They fell on their knees, and the influence spread throughout the whole room. I had not spoken a word; and the noise of the looms would have prevented my being heard, if I had. In a few minutes all work was

abandoned, and tears and lamentations filled the room. At this moment the owner of the factory, who was himself an unconverted man, came in, accompanied, I believe, by the superintendent, who was a professed Christian. When the owner saw the state of things, he said to the superintendent. 'Stop the mill.' What he saw seemed to pierce him to the heart.

'It is more important,' he hurriedly remarked, 'that these souls should be saved than that this mill should run.' As soon as the noise of the machinery had ceased, the owner inquired: 'What shall we do? We must have a place to meet, where we can receive instruction.' The superintendent replied: 'The mule-room will do.' The mules were run up out of the way, and all of the hands were notified and assembled in that room. We had a marvellous meeting. I prayed with them, and gave them such instructions as at the time they could bear. The word was with power. Many expressed hope that day; and within a few days, as I was informed, nearly every hand in that great establishment, together with the owner, had hope in Christ.

This power is a great marvel. I have many times seen people unable to endure the word. The most simple and ordinary statements would cut men off from their seats like a sword, would take away their bodily strength, and render them almost as helpless as dead men. Several times it has been true in my experience that I could not raise my voice, or say anything in prayer or exhortation, except in the mildest manner, without wholly overcoming those that were present. This was not because I was preaching terror to the people; but the sweetest sounds of the gospel would overcome them. This power seems sometimes to pervade the atmosphere of one who is highly charged with it. Many times great numbers of persons in a community will be clothed with this power when the very atmosphere of the whole place seems to be charged with the life of God. Strangers coming into it, and passing through the place, will be instantly smitten with conviction of sin, and in many instances converted to Christ. When Christians humble themselves, and consecrate their all afresh to Christ, and ask for this power, they will often receive such a baptism that they will be instrumental in converting more souls in one day than in all their lifetime before. While Christians remain humble enough to retain this power the work of conversion will go on, till whole communities and regions of country are converted to Christ. The same is true of ministers. But this article is long enough. If you will allow me, I have more to say upon this subject.

The Influence of Family Worship.

We here furnish our readers with the earnest and mature thoughts of a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ on the important subject of family worship. It appeared in print a number of years ago, but it is as fresh as it ever was. The writer of it went home to God several years ago, but the influence of his writing and preaching will live forever:

That family worship has a great influence on parents, children and all who participate in the exercises, or even attend them, cannot be denied. The experience of thousand on this subject would constitute quite a chapter, were it written. What an influence it exerts, what an aid it affords in bringing up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! If the duty of family worship were more universally understood and faithfully performed there would be more who would from their childhood know the Scriptures. What a blessing it proves to children while at home and after they leave the parental roof. Thousands thank God to-day that they were brought up at the family altar, or that family worship was the means of their salvation. There is a blessedness in the thought that by these means many have been converted, many fed, many made shining lights in the circle of their association, and were better qualified for the duties of life

The neglect of such an important duty is necessarily followed by sad results. It would save many parents from going down with gray hairs in sorrow to their graves if they should gather their children around them, morning and evening, in worship instead of sending them without prayer into the occupations and temptations of the day, and to a prayerless bed at night. How sad that parents should send their children into irreligion and vice, and finally into eternal woe by the neglect of this evident duty. How many standing on the left hand of the Judge in that great day will say, 'I never heard my parents pray!'

If you, as a parent, have no family altar, erect one at once; have you a broken family altar, repair it to-day. Eternal influences and destinies hang upon your action. Think of the responsibility. Be faithful. The Lord will add His blessing. Read the following:

A pious tradesman, conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following instructive circumstances respecting himself:

When I first began business for myself, I was determined through grace, to be particulary conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantages of these engagements manifestly appeared; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed me; while health and happiness attended my family and prosperity my business. At length such was the rapid increase of my trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayers did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intention of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we rose in the morning, suffice for the day.

Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared as with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words: 'O my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way of salvation; and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ in me the hope of glory!' O, sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birthplace of their souls!' I could read no farther; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul murdering hands.

Filled with confusion and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, and presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful; and am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superflous part of my business, and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.

'If pain afflicts, or wrongs oppress,
If care distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress:
The remedy's before thee—pray.'
—'Living Epistle.'

A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day
Do what is right!
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true!
True things in great and small;
Then, though the stars should fall,
Sun, stars, and moon, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to you
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—Alice Carey.

BOYS AND GIRLS

[For the 'Messenger.'

Elsie Marshall, Martyr.—

(Written for the 'Messenger' by Tena Macfarlane.)

Elsie Marshall, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Marshall, Blackheath, was born in Birchfield, Eng., on Nov. 9, 1869. In 1891, having listened to a stirring appeal of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, the 'Fuh-kien Band of helpers' was organized, and Elsie Marshall was chosen to represent this band, under the Church of England Zenana Society for work in China, under Mr. Stewart. On Oct. 14, 1892, having taken a course of training in Mildmay, she sailed for China. Her first year was spent at Fuh-ning studying the language.

In one of her first letters she writes about a Chinese wedding. Before the bride left her mother's home, she was sitting in her room, on view, in bright scarlet clothes, with something like a crown on her head. She was led out of the house by two women. She was supposed to be very unwilling to leave home. Then she worshipped the ancestral idols, and after filling her sleeves with nuts, as a sign of plenty was led to the wedding chair. In Foo-chow a bride has to remain on view much longer than in Fuh-ning, and men come and prick her eyebrows with needles to see how much she can stand without wincing. In Fuh-ning the roads are all winding to cheat the spirits. They often give men women's names that the spirit may think they are not worth attacking. Feb. 17, is New Year's day. The streets are all decorated and presents are given to one another. At the end of the year the Chinese pay their debts, and if they do not pay them then, must wait for another year, and if at the end of three years their debts are not paid, no claim can be made on them. For money, cash is used, 1000 cash equal a dollar of our money. They think very little of selling their children, especially if they are poor. They are very dirty, only washing their houses at New Year's. When a person is ill, men stand in front of the house, making a terrible noise, to catch the spirit which is making the person ill.

In China there are two forms of language—(1) classical, or written, (2) colloquial, or spoken. Books are printed in the classical language, which the ordinary people do not understand. However, the missionaries printed the Bible in the colloquial.

Some of the native Christians are treated very badly, and one man was beaten dreadfully by his friend, because he would not allow a priest to perform heathen rites in his house.

At stated times, horrible idol processions take place. Two little girls were dressed up and mounted on very high pedestals. They had a narrow bench to sit on, raised on a high platform, the whole carried in a sort of cart. After them came four pair of devils, four black and four white. The black ones wore hideous, inhuman masks. The white ones had tremendous erections on their heads. There were several others, dressed to represent other spirits. All these had square boards round their necks, because they had taken a vow to the gods to serve them for a certain number of days.

In July, 1893, she left Fuh-ning to spend the two hot months in Kuliang on the hills near Foo-chow. While here she with others visited a Buddhist monastery at the foot of Kushan Mountains. The monks live a secluded life. Some do it from a pure motive-

THE CHINESE EMPEROR AND HIS FATHER.

(From a photograph taken about 1886.)

serving Buddha, others because it brings in much money. One man had sat in the same place for fourteen years, and had never once spoken.

In 1894, she passed her second and last examination she then left Fuh-ning for Ku-cheng to join Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart. Here she was given a district called Gang-ga, twenty-one miles long by eleven broad. The principal village was Sek-chek-du, but she lived in a loft in Gang-ga village. Another village was Buang-dong. During her first visit here, she was nearly mobbed, she, probably, being the first foreigner ever seen in this village. These were not the only villages in her district there being a few hundred villages.

On Oct. 11, 1894, writing from Ku-cheng, she first mentions the persecution by the Vegetarians, a secret society opposed to Christianity. At that date, A-deng-bang, a village near Gang-ga, was the centre of persecution. However this was soon quelled. The next March, another rising of Vegetarians was secretly reported. So she left Sek-chek-du for the city of Ku-cheng, and then to Foo-chow. Again, the persecution seemed to cease, and she spent some time in her own district. Every day she went into the country to one of the villages there to visit the people, and tell them of Jesus. She was just beginning to get the people interested, when being urged by Mrs. Stewart she went to Hwa-Sang for the summer months. She was very sorry to go because she did not like to leave her work so long. Her last letter, July 22, 1895. She speaks of the peaceful times she was having. This letter was received by her friends on Aug. 1, the day on which she lost her life, or rather gained eternal life. This day, suddenly a band of Vegetarians broke into the houses occupied by the missionaries and killed Miss Marshall. Miss Codrington, the only one who escaped, said that she died clinging to her Bible. In one house the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Nellie Saunders were killed. In the other, Miss Topsy Saunders, Miss Hessie Newcombe, a Dublin lady belonging to the Zenana Mission, Miss Lucy Stewart, formerly of Little Stukely, Huntingdon, and Miss Marshall. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart belonged to Dublin, and the two Miss

Saunders, from Australia, were studying the language at Ku-cheng.

On the morning of this massacre, Mr. Stewart's three children, Mildred, Kathleen, aged eleven, and Herbert, aged six, were out gathering flowers in honor of Herbert, it being his birthday. Seeing a procession coming, they stopped and watched. As it came near one of the foremost caught Kathleen by the hair. Seeing this the other two fled to the house, and Kathleen, freeing herself, ran also. The Chinese rushed into the house and, in fear, Kathleen crept under a bed, and Mildred under the quilt on top of the bed. The house was full of cries and pleading voices. At last they heard no voices but Chinese shouts. Then the sounds died away and Kathleen crept out of her hiding place, only to find that the house was on fire. She herself was hurt and bruised, and the younger of the two, but she carried Mildred, faint and bleeding, from a sword-cut in her knee, and placed her at a distance outside. She ran back to the burning house three times for her two brothers, and the baby, all injured and moaning. Then she carried them into a house, near by, and soon the lady missionary, who had escaped, returned. Before night Herbert died.

Directly the news of this outrage reached England, Great Britain demanded satisfaction for it, with a promise of safety for her subjects, and punishment of the guilty Chinese. The Pekin Foreign Office agreed at once to these conditions, and ordered the punishment of the offenders.

Uncle Nelson.

(New York 'Observer.')

'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.'

It was a quavering old voice from an upstairs room. Grand-uncle Nelson sat there alone by the window. He and Aunt Martha had often sung the sweet old hymn together in the years when they wished that their pilgrimage might be a long one. She had reached the City of which 'her Redeemer, her Redeemer was the light,' and ever since her going he had been glad that he, too, could tarry but a night.

In the hammock under the elm trees a girlish voice hummed somewhat abstractedly the refrain. He leaned his white head from the window.

'That you, Barbie?'

'Yes, Uncle.'

She looked up for a moment, then down again at the book in her lap. Its printed pages suddenly acquired new charms, for she was afraid that he was in a conversational mood, and she did not feel like listening to him just then. The day was hot, and she was tired. There had been so many things to look after—what a difference it did make when mamma was gone, if only for a day. Uncle Nelson was sometimes tiresome, especially in his reminiscent moments, and his memory was poor. He told the same thing over and over again. So she kept her eyes fastened on her book.

How pretty her brown head looked resting on the cushion of the hammock, Uncle Nelson thought, and her little slippered foot, too, as it touched the ground now and then, to keep up a gentle swaying motion. There was a soft play of light and shadow on her face, made by the thick, stirring branches of the elm trees.

'That's a snug little place you've got.'

He wanted to get her to talking, he loved to watch her bright young face; somehow it rested his old eyes.

'How are your posies getting along, Barbie?' he asked.

'Pretty well, Uncle Nelson. I weeded my garden this morning.'

'Did you? I used to be a great hand to fuss about a garden myself. Your Aunt Marthy and I always had a nice posy bed.' He adjusted his glasses and leaned a little further from the window. 'You've got your sweet pea vines all trained, ain't you? Did it all yourself, Barbie?'

'Yes, all myself.'

'They'll be in blow soon, won't they? Sweet peas always put me in mind of the bunch I took your Aunt Marthy one time when I was a-courting her, Barbie. I can see this minute how pretty she blushed when I said she was sweeter than the whole bunch of 'em put together.'

He was quiet for a minute, with a far-away smile on his lips, then he began again.

'That's a nice little hammock you've got, isn't it, Barbie?'

'Yes, and this is such a good place for it. I got a headache from being out in the sun, and it's so cool here.'

'So it is. If I didn't feel kind of weak myself, I'd come down and sit with you a while, Barbie. My head aches, too.'

'Does it Uncle?' and now Barbara looked up quickly. 'I'll come up and sit with you in a few moments if you'd like to have me. I just want to finish this story first. It's a German story, you know, and I make it a rule to read something in German every day, so that I won't forget what little I know. Some of the girls come back in the fall with their tongues all out of practice and half the words they knew before forgotten. I'll come up and see you just as soon as I get through.'

'I'd be real glad to have you, Barbie.'

Uncle Nelson withdrew his head from the window, and sat back in his cushioned chair, an expectant smile upon his face. The German story was not quite finished, when the gate opened and Gail Wetherall came hurrying up the walk.

'Barbara, put on your hat just as quick as you can. Sue Merrill's home. She astonished all her family by walking in on them to-day. She said she got so homesick she couldn't stay away another hour. Esther is over there, and I promised to come and get you. She is wild to see you.'

Barbara sprang from the hammock.

'Wait for a minute, Gail, till I get my hat.'

Half-way to the door, Barbara stopped short, a thought of Uncle Nelson and her promise to him entering her head. There was a moment's decision, then she turned resolutely to Gail.

'I'm just as sorry as I can be, Gail, but there's something I forgot, something I've promised to do. I can't go to Sue's till I've done it.'

'Oh, Barbara, can't you put it off?'

'Really, I oughtn't to, Gail, but I'll come over the moment I can. You'd better not wait. She will be so anxious for you to get back, and you can tell her I'm coming just as fast as I can.'

Up the stairs to Uncle Nelson's room she hurried as soon as Gail was out of the gate. There was a bright little smile on her face. Uncle Nelson must not know how much she would rather be somewhere else. The faded old eyes answered quickly to the smile in the bright young ones.

'You're a good little girl, Barbie. Bring your chair up here to the window, where we can talk easier. There—that's right. Didn't I hear somebody talking to you a minute ago?'

'Yes, Uncle, Gail Wetherall was here just for a minute, but she's gone.'

'Oh, then, I aint a keeping you from any of your friends. I was afraid mebbe I was, and I wouldn't want to do that, Barbie. I'm glad I ain't, because somehow I wanted to see you more than common.'

'And I'm glad to be with you, Uncle Nelson. How is your head feeling now?'

'Just aches a little, Barbie, nothing much.'

His trembling hand had wandered to her hair, and rested there for a moment in the thick, wavy masses. She put up her own hand to meet it. Something in Uncle Nelson's face touched her strangely. How very old he looked, and what was that vaguely floating through her mind: 'Neither shall his place know him any more?' Would that be true soon, of Uncle Nelson?

His voice broke in on her thoughts.

'You look a bit like your Aunt Marthy, Barbie, every now and then; the way she looked sixty years ago.'

'Do I, Uncle?'

Her 'Aunt Marthy!' No other topic of conversation was quite so sweet to him, Barbara knew.

'May I get out her daguerreotypes, Uncle, and look at them again?'

'Certainly, certainly,' with pleased promptness, 'you know where to find 'em, Barbie? In the little blue box in the top drawer of that stand.'

Barbara could have found that blue box in the dark—she had taken it out so often for Uncle Nelson to inspect the precious contents.

'Her face is very sweet, isn't it, Uncle? Her eyes look so bright and pretty.'

'Bright—I should say so! They were just like stars, Barbie, when that first one was taken. She wa'n't more than seventeen then. She was the prettiest girl in Springville.'

'I wonder what there is about my face that looks like her face,' Barbara said, scrutinizing the quaint portrait gravely.

'I guess it's your whole expression, Barbie, a kind of pleasant, bright look.'

The examination of the daguerreotypes and the reminiscences suggested by them occupied a half-hour at least.

'Would you like to have me read to you, Uncle Nelson?' Barbara asked, when the little blue box was at last put away.

'Thank you, Barbie, I don't care if you do. You might read a piece from John if you feel like it. The Bible's there on that little stand. My eyes didn't feel quite equal to it myself. You might read my favorite chapter, Barbie, the fourteenth.'

'Yes, Uncle Nelson.'

He listened with a dreamy, contented look on his face as the girlish voice read the beautiful chapter. His loud regular breathing made her look up just as she reached the closing verses. He had fallen asleep, soothed by her voice, and she laid the big Bible back on the stand, and stole noiselessly from the room.

There was kissing and embracing a half-hour later when Barbara made her appearance at her friend's house.

'Put yourself in that chair,' Sue commanded, 'and let me look at you, Barbara. You can't think how I've missed you. I feel as if I had been gone a year at least.'

'It seems an age to me, too,' and Barbara pressed her pretty lips again to Sue's cheek.

'It was queer the way I happened to come over here to-day,' said Esther, 'I was just passing by when it occurred to me that I would run in and ask Mrs. Merrill if she had any idea when Sue was coming back, for she hadn't said a word about the time

in her last letter. When I came up on the porch, whom should I see but Sue herself.'

How fast the time flew by! There were so many things to talk over that had somehow not found their way into the girl's voluminous correspondence, and just as the visitors were thinking that they really must tear themselves away, Sue proposed a game of tennis. It was late in the afternoon when Barbara reached home.

'I'll just run up to Uncle Nelson's room for a minute,' she thought, 'and take him these sweet peas. I don't see why Sue's should blossom so much earlier than mine.'

The sweet peas and the tender thought of Uncle Nelson brought back his favorite hymn:

'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,'
she hummed, as she ran up the stairs.
'I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Of that City to which I journey'—

The door was open. She gave a light tap to announce her coming, and crossed the threshold. He was still sitting by the window, his face turned toward the tall, blowing trees. His mind must be far away, thought Barbara not to hear her coming. She would slip softly to him and put the sweet peas in his hand, and a kiss on his forehead. He was so fond of her, it would please him.

Still he did not stir, though she came close up to his side, and the hand into which she gave the flower was very cold. His mind was far away His soul had slipped out from the tired body. The night of his tarrying was over.—Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

Walter and the Thimble-Rigger.

(By W. T. Sleeper, in 'Sunday School Times.')

'Take it out of yourself!'

Walter looked up and around to discover who was speaking, but saw no one. He thought some one spoke. 'What does this mean?' he said to himself. It seemed like a voice from the sky. 'Take it out of yourself!' 'Can I do it?' Thought flew to the school, among strangers, to the boarding-house. 'How can I do it?' A flash of light! 'I see it; yes I can take it out of myself, and I will endeavor to do it.'

A change came over Walter's face. His muscles relaxed, his fevered heat subsided, the scrowl retreated, and the Tempter got behind him.

Walter had just said aloud, as he walked along the street, biting his lips and clenching his fists. 'I'll have that five dollars. I need it, and must have it. The first chance I get, I'll take it. It belongs to me. I worked hard to earn it, and I can't get through the fall term without it.'

It was then that the voice came. 'Take it out of yourself!'

'Yes, I can do it, and will,—God helping me.' God always helps those who help themselves, and he helped Walter that fall.

It was in this way that Walter lost the five dollars. A couple of wicked sharpers, known as 'thimble-riggers,' had seen him, with a bundle tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, walking along the city street, looking at the store windows, and they knew he was green from the country. They followed him, and began to talk with him in a confidential manner. They found out where he came from and where he was going, that he had a little money with which to pay his bills at school Finally they got him interested in a little black ball which one of the men took from his pocket, saying there was an opening in the ball, containing a five-cent piece.

The man who owned the ball, whom I will name Black, went aside a little way, looking at a pile of lumber, leaving the ball with Walter and the other chap, whom I will call Blue. While Black was out of sight, Blue opened the ball and took the coin out, and put it in his pocket. This sly trick pleased Walter mightily, and he laughed aloud.

Black returning, heard the laughing, and said: 'You think there is no five-cent piece in the ball, but there is.'

Walter replied: 'I know there is not.'

Blue whispered to Walter not to tell that it had been taken out.

The result of the bantering was this: Black bet ten dollars against five put up by Blue, and five by Walter. The twenty dollars was put into Blue's hands. The ball was opened and there was the coin. Black took the money, which was readily given up by Blue, and they scattered. Walter was struck, if not by lightning, by something that made him black and blue. It was then Walter left the city, mad and ashamed. The Devil followed him, and endeavored to capture him as the thimble-riggers had done. He probably would have succeeded, had it not been for the imaginary voice.

Walter walked on to St. Albans where he was to attend school. He found a cheap boarding-place for a few days, and became enrolled as a member of the academy. He soon fell in with two young men who had hired a large room and were boarding themselves. They were the sons of farmers living a few miles away, who sent their boys boys food twice a week ready cooked. They had a stove, a table, a few chairs, and a wide bed.

Walter told them frankly his condition financially, and they offered to let him share their room and bed if he would lie in the middle. He gladly accepted the situation, and took his bundle and books to the old red house in the corner. Then he bought a bag of flour, a jug of molasses, a bowl and a pewter spoon, and hired a woman to bake his bread and do his washing for a Yankee shilling a week. Cold water sweetened with molasses was his milk, and bread crumbed into this made his diet of bread and milk through the term.

His chums, Fred and Charles, were kind to him, and quite frequently gave him a piece of pie and a slice of gingerbread from their bucket newly arrived from home. The variety of Walter's fare was not such as to tempt him to eat too much, but his appetite was good three times a day. If the last part of the week's baking of bread became hard, his sweetened water would readily soak it into a pliable condition.

Walter completed the term in good health and honor, receiving a certificate from the preceptor stating that he was qualified to teach common schools in the state of M——. He reached home the last of November with fifty cents in his pocket, then taught the winter school in his own district, by which he earned fifty dollars. He had taken the five dollars out of himself, and was the stronger and better for the experience.

Let us accumulate all the beer which is consumed throughout the world in a single year, into a graduated dock, and we can comfortably float on one half of it the entire navies of the world, which would then be entirely, as they are now partially, supported by beer.

Fathma.

A TRUE STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

(By Mrs. Effie Hallock Braddock, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A missionary sat on a low, square stool, patiently teaching her zenana pupil to knit. The old woman over in the corner, squatting at her work of kneading chupatties, having molded the batch to her mind, covered the kneading vessel and set it in a warm place. Then she rose and took up her ghara (water-jar) to go to the well for water. As soon as she had gone, Fathma dropped the knitting, drew a package from under her chudder, and with hands trembling with excitement, began to open it. Speaking rapidly in low, intense tones she said, 'Yesterday when you brought your little boy to visit me you spoke to him in English. I could almost understand what you said to him. It so vividly recalled the past to me that I determined to show you these,' and she laid open the packet before the astonished eyes of her teacher. There was a child's muslin frock of quaint, old-time pattern, beautifully embroidered, but yellow with age; a tiny handkerchief with initial wrought in intricate sampler stitch, in one corner; a pair of faded silk stockings and well-worn little slippers, all English-made. In response to a questioning look, she continued, 'I am not a native; see!' and she drew down her chudder, 'my hair and eyes are dark, but they are not black. I am English; but I was stolen—or saved, as you please—in the days of the mutiny. My father was an officer in the British army. I remember how big and handsome he looked in his scarlet coat, with the white plumes waving about his helmet. My mother was, oh, so pretty, and they loved each other devotedly. I had two little brothers, besides the baby. We lived in Fatehgarh.

'Those were terrible times! My father had to be much with his command, leaving us alone. I remember that every night when the ayah had undressed me, my mother used to fold up the garments I had worn, tie the pile in a towel and place the bundle on a chair at the foot of my bed. My shoes she put close beside the chair. She did the same for each child. Then she taught us carefully that if she would wake up in the night we were quickly and quietly to slip on our shoes, grasp each his clothes and run with her.

'But the alarm did not come in the night. One day my father came home and said that all the foreign residents were to hurry under escort to the fort at Agra. My mother gathered a few necessaries and some valuables hastily together, and we set out to join our neighbors. I do not know what happened, but as we were passing through the narrow bazar, all at once there seemed to be uproar and fighting all about us. I saw my father fall, my mother struggling, the ayah running, my oldest brother under a horse's hoofs, my younger brother nowhere, when suddenly a hand thrust out at a quietly opened door, drew me from the noise and turmoil of the street into a quiet place. It was a room much like this. The native woman who had rescued me hurriedly stripped off my clothes and put on me pyjamas, koortie and chudder. She told me I must be quiet or they would come and kill me. I remember how I lay shuddering, trying to stifle my crying for what must have been hours. I remember how I I could not sleep nights, and how, when

sleep did come, my dreams were so horrible that I awoke in terror.

'The woman who saved me was very kind to me. She had no child, so she had taken me to be her child. As the days and weeks and months went by and my mother never came for me, I lost the spirit of restless expectancy and began to enter with interest into the life of the zenana.

'When I was about fourteen years of age, as I suppose, my foster-mother told me that she had arranged a marriage for me. Soon after I came here to the house of my mother-in-law, and have been here ever since.'

'What was your name?' asked the missionary. A pitiful, strained, far-away expression came into the brown eyes. 'I have so often tried to remember, but I cannot think,' was the answer. 'Would you like to leave the natives and return to English life?' was the next question. With a frightened look Fathma replied, 'How could I? I know no one, I have forgotten our customs. I should be afraid outside of purdah now, there are my husband and children to hold me here, I cannot change things now—it is too late. God's will has been done.' 'Is your husband kind to you?' questioned the missionary. Fathma laughed. 'Yes, he is kind to me. Have not I borne him six sons?' 'Do you believe in Jesus?' asked the missionary. 'I dare not tell my husband, but my mother believed in him, so I believe in him. I know little about him, but you will teach me my mother's religion, will you not?' was the wistful reply.

Amballa, Cantonments, Punjab, India.

The Blessedness of Kindness.

(By Annie A. Preston, in 'American Messenger.')

'Mr. Francis?' The thinly-clad, pale-faced, middle-aged man touched his hat respectfully, and the overseer of the street-grading force, sitting in a light buggy, near the curb, replied:

'Yes, what is it? You are one of our men?'

'I was in the Broad street gang, sir, but fell sick and had to give up. My wife is worn out with the care of me and the worry, and this morning we have come to the hardest place yet. We have eaten our last crust. We are strangers here, and not of the sort who willingly ask for public charity.'

'I thought I remembered your face,' said Mr. Francis, kindly, 'but you have grown thin. I am sorry for your hard luck, but you mustn't despair; when everything seems swept away we must cling to the Lord, and He will bring us through.'

Slipping over his arm the reins by which he was driving the well-trained horse, Mr. Francis took an account-book from his pocket and wrote rapidly upon a slip of paper for a minute.

Handing it to the man, he said: 'I haven't a dollar with me, but this order on my grocer will bridge you over.'

'Elm street?' queried the poor man, glancing at the order.

'Yes, cross over here, and turn where you see that large jewellery store on the corner Two blocks down you will find it.'

'Thank you, sir,' and the man was off with gladness on his face and hope in his step.

Glancing in at the window of the jewellery store, he read upon a card, placed conspicuously:

'Boy wanted!' and obeying a sudden impulse he entered and said to a gentleman standing near the door:

WHERE THE FARMER'S MONEY GOES.

'I am a pretty old boy, but have been sick and am only fit to do a boy's work.'

The proprietor was interested, and by a few sympathetic questions drew out the whole pitiful story, the bright ending of which was the grocer's order which he held in his hand. 'He put new heart into me,' said the poor man. 'I should not have come this way had it not been for him; and had I seen such a notice should not have had courage to apply for the place.'

'Why, I know Francis,' said the jeweller, glancing at the order. 'He belongs to the same church that I do. He has an invalid mother in his family, so he knows what sickness is. How did you happen to go to him, if you don't mind telling.'

'It was this way, sir. One day when I was in the Broad street gang, he was sitting in that little buggy that carries him flying from one part of the city to another, swooping down on the men like a bird; and some one he knew came up, wanting him to join some sort of a club, and he said: 'No, I'm a Christian, and my motto is: 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all the rest shall be added unto you.' Now, if I spend my money in folly when there are so many poor all about us, it would be inconsistent, as I look at it.'

'"Bother the poor," said the man; 'let the city care for them.'

'"I am glad the city provides a way so they may not suffer," said Mr. Francis, 'but I never yet refused to look into the difficulties of any one who asked me, nor turned away from a borrower.'

'"You'll give and lend yourself out of house and home yet," said the man, but the boss laughed in that good-natured way of his and answered:

'"Not while I give in the name of Him who came to seek and to save."

'He said it all in just that plain business-like way that he talks of everything, you know; and I couldn't help liking him for it. This morning I could hardly hold up my head, I felt so discouraged; but when I came upon him holding that spanking little bay horse with one hand and the other arm over the back of the buggy seat while he watched the men, that talk popped into my head, and I spoke to him before I knew it.'

'Did he make excuse?'

'Not a word, sir. He was as kind as a brother,' and the poor man's eyes were suffused with sudden tears.

'Then I can do as much as not to make excuse,' said the jeweller, taking the 'Want' card from the window. 'Go now and get your order filled, and come back after lunch. It does us all good to be boys once in a while.'

A week or ten days later, as the overseer was on his rounds, this man, better dressed, with a bright face and a package under his arm, came up to the buggy with a cheerful and respectful "Good morning.'

'I have been looking for a chance to speak to you,' he said. 'My wife is better and sends you her thanks and her blessing.' He went on to explain that he was doing boy's work, and how it came about.

'My employer takes a real interest in me,' he continued. 'He gave me this suit, overcoat, and all. They have been worn some, but not to hurt them for me, and I am gaining strength every day. I can pay you half that loan, now sir, and the rest next week.'

'I don't need it,' said Mr. Francis; 'keep it and pass it along as you have opportunity. I believe that is a way of doing good that the Lord approves. When we give our-

selves to Him we must consider that we have nothing that we did not receive from Him; so let us help others as He has prospered us and as He gives us opportunity. The fact is, the Lord has put it into someone's heart to help me out, and it has strengthened my faith.'

The grocer tells the story: 'I was the only one who could see all around the hill,' he says. 'Of course, I knew Francis. His family was large, his salary only average, and every once in a while a little order would make my bill larger. I was interested in him at the very first, and when he kept on trading with me we grew to be great friends.

Next came the jeweller, paying Francis' grocer's bill, saying: 'I was to send him the receipt marked 'Paid,' no questions answered. That interested me in him, and when he promoted his 'old boy' to be janitor of the block on a good salary, and wanting a boy took Overseer Francis' son, whom he had found out in Sunday-school, I began to think that grocer's order carried a tail as long as a comet, and every spark was a kind act or a blessing; for it influenced the janitor and his wife to go to church, and me and my family, too, and we all joined at the same time.

'What the end will be only God can conceive, and I think it is so with every unselfish act done in His name.'

Cider.

A TRUE SKETCH.

(By Lillian L. Trott, in 'Onward.')

'I shall probably join you before the year is out; I have my hands and heart full, now; Rob has come back to me, you know,' with a quiver of the lower lip. 'I'll give you the money to-day, though; you'll need it at once. And I'll give you such other help as I can, and when the Lord's own time comes you may enroll me as a member. He knows, as no one else can, not even you, Jennie, how truly my sympathies are with such a movement.'

Jennie did not answer. How could she? Years ago, when she and Alma were girlish confidants, she and Rob were lovers. It seemed but yesterday that vows were plighted and good-boys were said and Rob went off to the city.

'Are you feeling better?' she asked, to change a subject painful to both. Her friend was a comely woman still, but the lines on her forehead showed that the sister, rather than the forsaken sweetheart, had suffered when Rob found disgrace instead of the fame he went to seek.

'No. How can my health improve with such a weight here?' placing her hand over her heart. 'Doctor says my liver's out of order; I wish it were only that.'

'What do you take?'

'Oh, he prescribed, of course; his drugs do not affect me at all, and at last he told me to drink all the sweet cider I could.'

Jennie looked quickly away, but Alma caught her horrified expression.

'I didn't like the idea of it at first,' she explained; 'he insisted, however. As we make it ourselves, though, for vinegar, I can get it perfectly sweet.'

A few more words and Jennie was gone, saying at parting, 'I do hope Rob will be himself again.'

'We hope and fear,' Alma answered, 'he and husband and I. We will make a man of him is such a thing be possible.'

As the gate clicked behind her Rob stepped from the arbour.

'She chose the better part,' he said, gazing after her up the road toward the country seat where home and husband awaited her.

'Yes, it was better not to pine for you. You've spoiled one woman's life.'

From the bitterness of her heart she spoke, and Rob groaned.

'It was your fall that first led her to think of these things,' she added; 'she appeared to feel it almost as much as I, then she recovered herself, and determined not to let it blight her future. People thought she forgot you when she married Randall, but I know. Prompting her temperance work, there is always the thought of you, and the man you might have been.'

'Little-sister!' There were times when the man in him aroused and looked out of Rob's eyes, seeing his sister as others saw her, and the sorrow he had brought into her youth.

'Is Rob out there?' a tremulous hand pushed back the blind and a faltering voice questioned fearfully, anxiously.

'He's all right, father,' the younger man spoke. Father and daughter cared for him as for an infant, and he was abashed.

'I will do better, Al,' he said, suddenly. 'I do mean to this time.'

'You have always meant to,' sadly.

'I know it, I know it! I haven't the push when I'm where it is. But I'll stay away from it, away here in the country I'll bury myself out of the reach of the sight and smell of the accursed temptation.'

He did stay. All through the autumn days he busied himself on the farm, communing with nature and with nature's God. His aged parent rejoiced in this unspoken sign of returning manhood. Surely only the good could find pleasure in the society of nature. A return to the simple friends of his boyhood must mean redemption. Even Alma did not realize the frailty of the man and the strength of the foe with whom he struggled. She saw only the stern eyes, the rigid lines around the mouth, and felt that he would fight to win.

Alma's health was improving. The cider, or Rob's deportment, or both, raised her spirits, deepened her color, and lent a charm to existence. As winter drew on she kept her 'medicine' on the sideboard. Once Jennie ventured to expostulate. 'Don't be fanatical,' was the response, 'no one was ever harmed by sweet cider.'

'How long does it stay sweet?' retorted her friend. 'At no distant day you will rue the time when you tempted your brother. He is bringing all the power of that weak will of his to resist the desire that may outbattle him in the end. If he gives up and goes back to the city and his old ways it will be your fault. You keep these fumes before him daily, and if he gratifies his craving you will have yourself to thank for it.'

Alma was not angry. She never was with Jennie, but she did not remove the cider. Even when Joe, the boy-of-all-work, took too much of an evening, and reeled off to bed, her conscience remained passive. But in the spring, when the barrels were taken from the cellar, and Rob and Joe each drank of the dregs till legs and heads alike were affected, then she thought of Jennie and her 'whims.'

'It's no use,' Rob said after that, and left the country for the haunts of old.

'Save my one boy; I can't rest in my grave till he's brought back to the fold,' was her father's dying charge.

She has made it the mission of her life to fulfil that charge. How she succeeds time will tell. In the slums of the wickedest of cities a man has his being. In a far distant country home his sister names him in her prayers. There is no cider in that home now.

Out of every 100 gallons of beer drunk throughout the world, Germany supplies 28, the United Kingdom 27, the United States 18, and Russia, with all its millions of people, only 2 1-4.

A TRIBUTE FROM OTTAWA.

Public Confidence.

'Perhaps one hardly goes too far in saying that no other newspaper in this country, even it may be on this continent, has been conducted from the beginning with more resolute honesty, independence and desire to be just and right than the Montreal 'Witness.' The success of the paper is an evidence of the fact that character counts for success in journalism. In spite of the keenest competition and opposition it has prospered steadily, nor is it too much to say that the mainspring of its prosperity has been public confidence in its motives and character.'—Ottawa 'Journal.'

"AT SEA WITHOUT IT."

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Sirs—I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for about fourteen years, and never failed to get the paper regularly till last week. This incident has shown me how much I have grown to depend on the 'Witness' for reliable information on current topics of interest. In fact, I may say that for the week I was quite at sea as to the Transvaal war, the Canadian contingent, etc. I shall continue to say a good word for your publications, as I can.

Wishing you success, I remain, yours truly,

OTTO HILDEBRAND,

Doak, N.B., Nov. 2.

One Black Sheep.

'Stand up, Gavin Wright,' said the teacher; and the dignity of her mandate was marred by a very hearty sneeze. 'Stand out on the floor until we dismiss, and when you go home tell your mother that you are expelled. You are not to come back.'

'Oh, Miss Walker!' The boy's voice had a note of keen pain in it. He had been moving out to stand in the punishment-place, but he stopped short and looked imploringly in the teacher's face. 'I did not do it this time, Miss Walker,' he pleaded earnestly; and her face became stern.

'Will you add a lie to disobedience, Gavin?'

'No,—I have never told you a lie,' he said eagerly. 'I told you it was me put the black beetles in your desk, and it was me that dropped the tawse into the stove, and I made the picture of you on the blackboard, but I did not do this.' With unconscious dramatic power he swept his arm round to indicate the blue haze and terrible odor that filled the class-room, making them sneeze and choke and cough.

'Did not you bring the sulphur to school?' she asked sharply.

'Yes, ma'am; and I had it in a little bag, but I did not set fire to it. I wanted it for the Queen's Birthday, and I wouldn't have wasted it.'

'Then who did—this?' Another sneeze.

'It wasn't me,' he said, his eyes fixed on his boots.

'But every child here has denied it, Gavin, and you are—so (sneeze)—so incorrigible! I have been very patient with you, but you are destroying all the order and discipline of the school, and I dare not have the whole school spoiled by one wild boy! I am very sorry, Gavin; for you are only thoughtless, not really bad-hearted, but I dare not always overlook—'

YOU ARE SO INCORRIGIBLE.

'But—Miss Walker—I did not do this, and never thought of it.' Gavin's voice broke into a sob. Miss Walker turned, and looked along the rows of eager young faces listening intently.

'Boys,' she said gravely, 'if Gavin Wright did not do this, someone did. Who will be manly enough to tell the truth, for the sake of Gavin's good mother, and his own sake, too? Come—(sneeze)—who set the sulphur-bag on the stove?'

She was standing beside Gavin in the middle of the room, and she saw the quick beseeching look he cast at Charlie Munroe, who was looking disturbed and nervous.

'Come,' she reiterated, looking straight at Charlie, 'you surely will not let another suffer for your fault. Tell it out, boys!'

Charlie rose slowly to his feet; he had need of all his good marks, and this would tell heavily against him, but he was conquered.

'I did it, Miss Walker,' he said reluctantly. 'I had the charcoal and saltpetre—'

'The—what?' interrupted the teacher.

'For the Queen's Birthday, you know. We Band of Hope boys are going to have some fun by ourselves, and some home-made fireworks. And Gavin Wright didn't want to divide, and I—I did it—I was angry. I'm sorry.' He spoke as if under an irresistible influence, yet very unwillingly. Miss Walker's face cleared. She held out her hand to Gavin.

'I am very sorry to have doubted your word,' she said, 'and glad to have been mistaken—very glad, for your mother's sake, Gavin.'

The boy wrung her hand, and tried to speak, but not a word could he utter. He broke away, and dashed out of the room, and as it was near closing-time Miss Walker did not recall him.

The boy made that the turning-point of his character. He saw how his wild pranks had been spoiling the whole school; he saw, too, that having the reputation of the wildest boy, the one black sheep, he would inevitably be blamed for many things of which he was wholly innocent. He is an honored worker to-day in the field of Temperance Reform, particularly among medical men, having pressed into the service of Christ all the energy and life that he was noted for as the 'black sheep' of Miss Walker's school.—'Adviser.'

Baby's Morning Prayer.

(By Henry Howard Stiles.)

Now I rise and see the light;
'Twas God who kept me thro' the night
And let me wake
Again.

Oh, guide my feet thro' all this day,
To stand and walk in Thine own way
For Jesus' sake,
Amen.

—'Presbyterian Banner.'

From the Top to the Bottom.

A QUITE TRUE STORY.

When I was a little girl, I was very plump and roundabout. I think my face must have looked rather like a small full moon, and I know I had very red cheeks, and a quantity of tight little curls all over my head, just the color of a new penny, fresh from the mint. I had very dumpy legs, and generally wore a straight up-and-down pinafore made of white diaper, and tied behind with strings.

I believe I was usually fairly well-behaved, but what I have to tell you now is the terrible story of a piece of disobedience, and how I got punished for it. Our house was a tall one, and our night-nursery was above the day-nursery, at the back of the house, up two flights of stairs while my mother's room was further up again, so that it was quite a climb to get there.

Now, the back stairs had no carpets on them and they were very steep, and twisted about like a corkscrew, so that it was really dangerous for little people to go up and down them.

My mother had given orders that we younger children should use the front stairs instead, as they were much easier, and being carpeted, less likely to hurt us if we slipped—and for a long time I never thought of disobeying her. But one day a wonderful thing happened. A new baby arrived, a little brother, to my delight, and I was told that I might go up to my mother's room to say 'How do you do?' to him. It was hard work to tear myself away from the new brother, but when he wanted to be covered up, and go to sleep, my mother said it was time for me to go down again, and I obeyed her. I don't know whether it was the sight of the little infant's helplessness that made me feel unusually proud and independent, but when I came to the top of the back stairs I stood still a moment to think.

'How I should like to try them!' I said in my heart. 'Mother is so busy with the baby that she won't know, and I am quite sure I could go down all right. I will be very, very careful.'

The house was quiet, and no one was about. So, holding on to the railings, I put first one foot and then the other cautiously down, and felt that my perilous journey had really begun.

It was dark, as the swing door at the top closed behind me, and I quaked inwardly, but would not allow, even to myself, that I was frightened. After three or four steps I began to feel more confidence, and, I suppose, was not so careful, for, at an awkward corner, my foot slipped, and it was all over with me!

Trying to regain my footing, I lost my hold on the banister, and down I went, crash, tumble, bang! with a terrible feeling that I was going to be killed, and that it was entirely my own fault.

Being, as I told you, plump and roundabout, I bounded like a ball, and not content with descending one flight, I rolled across the landing, and down the next one, finally alighting on my head at the bottom.

You may imagine that I screamed!

The servants came rushing to pick me up, and I remember distinctly how big a lump I had on my forehead, and what a lot of butter they rubbed into it.

All the rest of the day I felt sick and miserable. I could not play nor eat, nor do anything but sigh, and think of my poor aching head, and wonder why I had been so foolish as to fancy my own way was better than my mother's. After all, though it is hard to believe sometimes, grown-up people do know what is best for one; and that lesson, though it was a severe one, did me a great deal of good.

I did not get any other punishment for being disobedient. My mother thought that what I had had was more than enough.

'Do you know, Flossy, that you were very nearly killed?' she said to me afterwards. 'You might have been picked up dead at the bottom of the stairs, or you might have hurt your back and grown into a poor little cripple, with nothing but pain and suffering before you all your life. We must thank God for having spared you, and we must thank Him to make you a better girl. No one who is not obedient can ever be of much use, and it is no good to think it safe to do wrong things because you are not seen—God sees you always, never forget that, even when you are quite alone, and in the dark. And now you have a new little brother, you ought to be extra good, to set him an example. You will try, won't you?'

So I said, 'Yes,' and I did try, for I was altogether ashamed of myself, and I hoped that no one would ever tell the baby of the naughty thing his sister did on the very first day that she ever saw him.—'Children's Friend.'

'God Claims Me.'

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy, he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him, 'God claims you.' Then came the question, 'What am I going to do with the claim?' He answered, 'I will own it and give myself to God.' He went home and told his mother, 'God claims me.'

At school and college his motto was 'God claims me.' As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still 'God claims me.'

When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking that he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, 'I suppose you will now be obliged to give up your class?'

'No,' was the reply, 'I will not; God claims me.'—'Sunday Friend.'

A Gentlemanly Boy.

(H. L. Charles in 'Temperance Record.')

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve:
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name—
'A gentlemanly boy.'

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 3.

Keeping the Sabbath.

Nehemiah xiii., 15-22. Memory verses 15-17. Read Neh. xiii. Compare Isa. lvi., 1-8: Jer. xvii., 19-27, and Malachi, 1., 10-13.

Golden Text.

'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'—Ex. xx., 8.

Home Readings.

M. Neh. 13: 15-22. Keeping the Sabbath.
T. Gen. 1: 26 to 2: 3. The Sabbath appointed.
W. Jer. 17: 19-27. Sabbath to be hallowed.
Th. Ezek. 20: 10-20. Sabbath-breaking denounced
F. Isa. 56: 1-7. Blessings in keeping.
S. Isa. 58: 8-14. Sabbath joy.
Su. Luke 6: 1-10. Christ's teaching.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—15. In those days saw I in Ju'dah some treading wine presses on the sabbath, and bringing in a sheaves, and lading asses: as also wine grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, whi h they brought into Je-ru'sa-lem on the sabbath day: and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals.

School.—16. There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the sabbath unto the children of Ju'dah, and in Je-ru'sa-lem.

17. Then I contended with the nobles of Ju'dah, and said unto them, What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the sabbath day?

18. Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Is'ra-el by profaning the sabbath.

19. And it came to pass, that when the gates of Je-ru'sa-lem began to be dark before the sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the sabbath day.

20. So the merchants and sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Je-ru'sa-lem once or twice.

21. Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the sabbath.

22. And I commanded the Le'vites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the sabbath day. Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy.

The Bible Class.

The Sabbath—Jer. xvii., 21-27: II. Chron. xxxvi., 21: Neh. x., 29-33: Isa. lvi., 2-7; lviii., 13: Ezek. xx., 12, 13, 20, 21; xliv., 24: Ex. xvi., 29; xxxi., 13-17: Deut. v., 12-15: Matt. xii., 8, 10-12: John ix., 14: Gen. 11., 3.

Suggestions.

About sixteen years after Nehemiah first went to Jersualem, he returned there, having been for four or five years back at Babylon, the court of Artaxerxes, king of Persia.

Nehemiah found that during his absence many abuses and evils had sprung up. The people and even the priests were breaking the commandments of God in the most flagrant way. The chief abuses were the breaking of the Sabbath, and the marrying of heathen wives. (xiii., 11, 18, 28). These, Nehemiah set himself to reform. Also the people had neglected bringing in their tithes, and the house of God was forsaken, services could not be kept up without money. Those who had been ordained to spend their time caring for the temple and its services, had been forced from want of support, to spend their time farming.

The prophet Malachi draws a dark picture of the state of affairs at this time, the negligence of the priests and the criminal carelessness of the people. 'Will a man rob God?' he asks. And with startling distinctness accuses the nation of stealing by keeping back the tithes which belong to their God. He also accuses the priests of offering to God polluted and blemished sacrifices. Such as they would not dare to offer to their governor, they dared to offer to the Lord of the whole earth! And called the service of the Lord a weariness! This is interesting to study in the light of the New Testament title of 'priest' as bestowed on every believer in the Lord Jesus (Rev. 1., 6: I Pet. 11., 5, 9.)

The first Sabbath after Nehemiah had returned to Jerusalem, he saw a sight that filled him with horror—many of the people were trading and working and carrying on business just the same as on a week day. The people had grown so accustomed to the sight that it had lost its horror for them. So easily do our consciences become seared and callous, that it is not safe to allow ourselves to repeat any sin or carelessness. A tender conscience is a great blessing, but the tenderest conscience if constantly worn on becomes hardened. Sin causes, as it were, an abrasion, which if not healed soon becomes a callus. But Nehemiah did not allow himself to become accustomed to the sight of evil. God never becomes accustomed to the sight of evil, it is, as it were, a contant surprise and pain to him to find sin in the heart of man. God is unchangeable, and the hatred which he had for the first sin in the garden of Eden is the same hatred with which he now regards sin of every kind. The sin which made necessary the greatest Sacrifice the world ever saw, can never be tolerated in its smallest form in the presence of God. If our hearts live in God's presence we will feel some of his hatred for sin, it will be intolerable to us.

When Nehemiah saw the men of Tyre, that great fishing city, coming with their fish and other wares on the Sabbath, he warned them that they were not to come again to Jerusalem. Then he reproved the nobles and chief men of the Jews, reminding them how their fathers had had to be punished for this very offence. They were violating one of the distinct commandments of God, and by their open rebellion causing the presence and prosperity of God to be removed from the city. The people seem to have repented and promised better things. Nehemiah in his reforms generally appealed first to the nobles or most influential men because their example would go further than a great deal of talk. Also they probably had been the first to make the sins common, though they may never have gone so far as the common people did. Men in high positions of influence have a greater responsibility than other men — though each one of us is individually responsible to God. We can not shift our responsibilities, each man must see that his own influence, however small, is for the best.

When the alien traders came on the Sabbath they found the city gates firmly barred. They camped outside with their goods, noisily demanding an entrance, but Nehemiah warned them not to be there again, promising that if they persisted in coming, he would arrest them all. So they troubled the Jews no more on the Sabbath.

C. E Topic.

Dec. 3. 'Until He come.' The Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. 11: 23-28.

Junior C. E.

Dec. 3. 'We can do it;' a lesson of courage from Caleb. Num. 13: 17-31.

Missions and the Sunday-School.

In order to make the subject more real to the children, the missionary cause might always be mentioned in the opening or in the closing prayer. I would recommend that once or twice a month, or oftener if thought fit, the teachers should be asked in turn to give a missionary talk from the desk, the time being limited to five minutes. This is enough to tell some anecdote or give some telling piece of information concerning some country or district. A map of the place referred to, hung in front of the desk, would help the scholars to remember what they heard.

We want, I think, to eliminate from our Sunday-school libraries missionary books which are written in such style that the children do not care to read them, and to put in their place those that they will read. We must be particular not to give the children books that deal with a great many facts, important as they may be for the older folk. Let us give them lives of the missionaries written specially for them, books full of stirring anecdote, full of vivid pictures of the habits and surroundings of the people in these distant countries. There are several of this kind, but we would like more, and we ought to see that they are in our Sunday-school libraries, and that when there, our scholars are encouraged to read them.

While offering these suggestions for the school as a whole, it is of course taken for granted that each teacher embraces the opportunities so often occurring of illustrating the Bible lesson by incidents in missionary life; and, in conclusion, let us aim high for our scholars; let us so instruct them and so pray for them that we may hope to train up in our schools many who shall esteem it a glorious privilege to be themselves the bearers of the Gospel message to the lands of darkness and superstition.—Mrs. Henry Cook.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER XXVI.—TWELVE REASONS AGAINST THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Q.—Give twelve reasons why no rational being should use tobacco.

A.—1. The habit is at war with temperance. Tobacco is an intoxicant, it is a part of the merchandise of dram shops, and an incentive to drunkenness.

2. The habit is a self-indulgence. It hinders moral reform and impedes progress.

3. The habit is essentially filthy. No Christian gentleman should fill the air with poisonous smoke or deluge the floor with liquid filthiness.

4. The lips of the tobacco chewer or smoker are swelled and saturated with a disgusting poison.

The gums are spongy and tender, and the whole mouth and throat affected by its use.

5. The habit impairs digestion, brings on consumption and weakens the constitution.

6. The habit injures the voice. The smoker generally articulates huskily. The chewer often croaks. The sufferer speaks indistinctly, as he cannot breathe through the nose.

7. The habit is costly. Official statistics show that more money is spent for tobacco in the United States every year than for bread.

8. The habit often lowers the self-respect of those who practice it.

'I love my pipe,' said a clergyman, 'but despise myself for using it.'

9. The habit disturbs the regular pulsations of the heart; tobacco users are thus in constant danger; many fall dead suddenly.

10. The habit weakens the mind. It enfeebles the memory, paralyzes the will, produces morbid irritability, diseases the imagination, and deadens the moral sensibilities.

11. The habit is at rebellion against conscience. The user knows that it wastes time, money, strength and life, and tramples upon the laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

2. It is as contagious as the cholera.

Avoid Temptation.

One I knew had had a long, hard tussle with the drink habit, and had come off victor. One day, at a distance from his home, he was overtaken by a sudden rain. Looking about for shelter, the only quick chance he saw was the open door of a saloon. Against qualms of conscience, he entered, sat down, took up a newspaper, and set himself to its reading. Then he told me how, strangely but certainly, that newspaper would lower itself from before his eyes till

he could get vision of the rows of decanters behind the bar; how the decanters seemed to get personality and voice, and to nod and beckon to him, and to say, 'See here, you're wet; you need what I hold. Just one drink of me, it will do you good. You are a fool if you don't take me.' So the whiskey bottle said, and the brandy bottle, and the gin bottle. He thrust up his paper to cut off the sight, but inevitably the paper lowered itself, and again and again began the nodding and the calling. He dashed the paper down, sprang from his chair, rushed out into the rain, notwithstanding was victor. But he was almost victim. It had been vastly better if he had never entered that saloon, though it were raining pitchforks. Keep out of the place and way of temptation. Oh that men would heed the stern, safe teaching! Allowed neighborhood with sin is always dangerous.—Dr. Wayland Hoyt.

The Cider Drunkard's Appetite.

One of the most serious accusations against cider is that it creates an appetite for alcoholic drinks of every sort. One can hardly drink even sweet cider without wishing for more, and when it is drunk right along from the barrel, as usual, the more it is drunk the more it is wanted. Perhaps there is no other drink the fascination of which is so strong and lasting. Let us give a few proofs.

Rev. William Thayer says that reformed drunkards testify that they nearly all formed the appetite on fermented liquors, and drank nothing stronger till the appetite so educated demanded it. Then, and not till then, they went to the whiskey shop.

An agent of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, getting pledges in the secular schools, came to some towns where he got only about sixty percent of the scholars, two-thirds as many as he got elsewhere. He found that it was a common opinion there that fermented liquors do not form the drunkard's appetite. Several teachers told him that from four to eight scholars had come into their schools intoxicated, and some of them repeatedly, and nearly all on cider.

A gentleman in Iowa writes of his own appetite for cider. It was formed by drinking one year to enable him to do heavy farm work. After that he worked where he could not get it, but for more than a year he felt so great a craving for it that he would have given for it anything he possessed. And though it is now four years since he drank cider, he has a great yearning for it and has to fight the appetite.

In Pleasant Valley, N. Y., are some cider drunkards. One of them publicly said: 'I am a cider drunkard. I am seventy years old. I am worth sixty thousand dollars. I would gladly give every dollar of it, and support my family by day's work, if I could get rid of this appetite for drink. I have fought it since my early manhood. Once I was victor for two years; at another time for six months; now drink is my master.' The falling tears, quivering lips, trembling hands and voice combined, were but a faint index of a struggling and, perhaps, lost soul.—'The Christian Life.

Wages and Whiskey.

The young man who thinks he can afford to take two or three glasses of beer or whiskey each day and never miss the sum he spends would do well to reckon up how much these drinks would amount to in the course of a year.

Some years ago three young men in Columbus, O., carpenters by trade, engaged to work for a builder, promising to stay with him until a certain piece of work was completed. They were to receive the same wages and were to draw them as they chose. The work lasted from spring until Christmas. On the final settlement, one of the young men, who frequented the tavern, and was a pretty hard drinker found a balance to his credit of $2.50.

The second, who was a somewhat more moderate drinker, had $11; the third, who was a teetotaler, had $150. The first and second wore very seedy clothes, and were in debt. The third had a good suit and no debt. Surely total abstinence pays!—'National Advocate.'

Correspondence

North River, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Loyal Crusaders, and we have the 'Northern Messenger' distributed at our meetings. I am learning to skate this winter, and it is good fun. My cousin is learning to stuff birds.

DAVIS H. (aged 9.)

St. Davids, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one little pet kitten, it is very playful. When I play with it, it will open its mouth and looks as though it was laughing at me. HAZEL LOUELLA M. (aged 7.)

Swan Lake.

Dear Editor,—We have just moved from Cypress River to Swan Lake a short time ago, and we like living here now, and I think we will in the summer. We get the 'Messenger' at the Sabbath-school and like it very well. We have been getting the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and I like to read the Correspondence.

MARTHA T. (aged 13.)

Williamstown.

Dear Editor,—My father is a tinsmith and I like that trade. We live near a river. I am glad when fishing time comes, because I like to fish. Williamstown is a very old village, over 100 years old. We have just been in the village three years.

JOHNSON (aged 11.)

Margaree Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I have seen in the 'Messenger' some very interesting letters, so I thought I would write a short letter too. I have been going to school since the Christmas holidays. I like the teacher very well. We have had good sleighing here. I used to go coasting every evening. I made two hand sleds and I got the iron work done at the forge. I made a double runner with them. It works fine.

FRED J. M. (aged 12.)

Lower Millstream.

Dear Editor—My dog's name is Mingo. he has great fun with my pet lamb. I like to read the Correspondence.

LENA C. (aged 11.)

Annan.

Dear Editor,—My father has offered me a watch and chain if I learn the Shorter Catechism. I would like very much to know it from beginning to end. it is such a good book. We have no Sunday-school in winter. I have a great-grandma, she is eighty years old. G. F. B. (aged 10.)

Bayonne, New Jersey.

Dear Editor,—My grandma lives in Manitoba, and has taken the 'Witness' for over thirty-five years. She used to live in Ontario. My sisters and I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. Every Christmas we have an entertainment, and each pupil gets a book. The little girls in the infant class get a doll, and the boys get a picture book.

KATIE (aged 9.)

Morrice, Mich.

Dear Editor,—Auntie gave the 'Messenger' to me on Christmas, so I get it all the year. We have a Junior Christian Endeavor here. I am an active member. We have some nice plants. Last summer I had a nice flower garden of my own. I had five or six different kinds of flowers. I used to love to water them. My father and brothers live in Manitoba, so I am living with my grandma and aunties. SUSAN F. (aged 9.)

Jordan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no papa, he died when I was two months old. I have one brother, he is at college. My mamma and I live at my Grandpa's. He is seventy-six years old. My Grandma died some weeks ago. She was sick a long time. We miss her very much. WILLIAM A. M. (aged 11.)

West Hall, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on the Prairie. But I once went to Ontario on a visit, and thought it a very nice place. I walk a mile and a half to school. We had a blizzard one day. G. E. B. (aged 11.)

Kaslo, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in the little town of Kaslo. It is situated on Kootenay Lake. I live about a quarter of a mile from the school-house. I go to Sabbath School. I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much. My papa likes it too, and my mother is a member of the W.C.T.U.

IDA (aged 14.)

Dear Editor,—Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for about twenty years. We would not like to do without it now. My papa is a farmer. We are living with Grandma now, in the township of Loggan.

ARTHUR S. P.

Aberdour.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the Messenger,' and I read it, and my mother tells me the words that I don't know.

ETHEL C. (aged 7.)

Caron, N. W. T.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is a violin player There is school here, but I don't go as it is three miles away. I had a nice lot of plants but they got frozen.

PEARL (aged 15.)

Moose Jaw.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country. I have just newly taken the 'Northern Messenger,' and like to read the stories and the letters. We have two dogs and their names are Fanny and Rover. They are very good dogs as they will bring the geese out of the water. There is a very nice lake in front of the house, it is sixteen miles long, and we go very often for a boat ride. We have a big garden about ten acres. There is nearly every sort of vegetable in it. I do not go to school, but I study at home. We have several hens and we get thirteen eggs a day, and we had over a hundred chickens last summer. We can pick lots of black-currants and gooseberries and sell them in town. ALICE (aged 14.)

Welsford, N.B.

Dear Editor,—One day a dog came into our school, he went out at recess, and after a while he begin to whine so much that the teacher had to let him in. I live half a mile from the school house. I take two papers, the 'Sabbath Reading,' and the 'Messenger.' The 'Messenger' was a birthday gift. ROBERT C. McC. (aged 10.)

Kemptville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our school is placed about a mile and a half from here, in School Section No. 10 Oxford. In Kemptville, the most important town in Oxford Township, there is a good public school, and also a fine high school, which is noted for miles around. Granolithic sidewalks have recently been put down on the main streets of Kemptville. There is a Mission Band called the 'Busy Bees' with 55 member on its roll here. I attend it and find it very interesting. The first year of our organization we won the prize banner for Grenville county.

HARRY E. (aged 12.)

Napanee.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about two and one half miles from Napanee. We have taken the 'Messenger' seven or eight years. It has come in my name for over three years. I am the only girl in our family, which consists of four boys and one girl. I was thirteen last December; I am five feet three inches in height, and weigh eighty-six pounds. I go to 'Riverside School,' and my teacher's name is Miss Dora Casey. She rides a wheel. I have been in the Fourth Reader three years, but on account of my health have been unable to attend school regularly. We have four horses named Frank, Flora, Topsy and Jennie, also two cats, Joe and Annie, a dog named 'Guess,' nine cows, twenty pigs, eighteen calves, about sixty-five hens and some chickens. I am very fond of making quilts with nice patterns. I have made two, one is a crazy quilt, made out of worsted, silk, and velvet, worked with Berlin wool, and the other is just made of print. I am intending to make a quilt which is made of blocks, each being about six inches square. I read that Lizzie B. is making a quilt too.

GERTIE JONES.

WITNESS OFFICE
MONTREAL

November 24th, 1899.

Dear Friend,

We are trying our best from year to year to make the "Northern Messenger" a finer and more readable paper. You know how in the past we have increased its size till it is now more than three times the size of any other Sunday School paper which sells at the same price. With the increase in the amount of reading has gone a proportionate increase in the number of pictures, and the paper has become not only the cheapest, but by all odds the most popular Sunday School paper in the Dominion.

This year we have arranged to make another great addition to the value of the paper. We have secured the exclusive Canadian serial rights of "Black Rock." This is a splendid religious story, one of the most striking ever written by a Canadian. Speaking of it, "The Times," Orillia, says: It is "as fine as anything done by Ian Maclaren."

To get this book in paper cover you would have to pay 50c. You will get it in your next year's "Messenger" for only 30c., or 20c. if in a club. We are really giving a 50c. premium along with the "Messenger" this year.

Now of course this will increase our expenses for the year. To meet this increased expense we want to increase our circulation by ten thousand. That looks like a large undertaking. It is not however a hopeless one, as it is actually less than our average increase for the two last years. Will you help us in this work by trying to get the paper into your Sunday School and among your friends.

Very sincerely yours,

John Dougall & Son

Keep a Clean Mouth.

A distinguished author says: 'I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother.' He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

'Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be smart,' 'the next thing to swearing,' and yet 'not so wicked;' but it is a habit which leads to profanity and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society

Young readers, 'keep your mouths free from all impurity and your tongue from evil;' but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'—'The Standard.'

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